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case his wife needed him, although he invariably grumbled in his native Russian upon being called away from the game. A fourth hand during the summer was a reserve army officer whose intense love for German efficiency and ideology and whose contempt for the "ignorant, unreliable peasant" became bywords in the community. Peasants sitting on the porch of Bai Ivan's tavern on the eastern side of the square could observe with seeming indifference the intelligentsia at play, distracted though they were at times by the fervent temperance lectures delivered by the tavern keeper's daughter-in-law whenever she placed a glass of *rakiya* in front of a customer.

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These intelligentsia proved to be interesting people. The mayor had a good education, completed by the study of law in Russia. His father had been a priest in Boyana, a village just four miles to the west, so the mayor, himself a *Shop,* knew the workings of the peasant mind. When he was sent to the village as mayor back in 1934, after the *coup d'état* of that year abolished all elections and deprived many local officials of their jobs, he issued a flowery proclamation which contained such thoughts as these:

> Therefore, as I take up my duties, desiring greatly to use the small abilities that I possess for the economic and cultural uplift of the villages included in the commune entrusted to my care, I wish to express my good feelings of loyalty and friendliness and attachment to the population and to certify that I am ready to work for the uplift of our commune and to be the loyal conveyor of its economic and cultural interests and needs.
>
> Imbued with the idea that we are all members of the same family, sons of mother Bulgaria, let us forget the recent past of shameful partisan struggles and begin to live as genuine brothers—Bulgarians filled with mutual love, patience, harmony, respect, and good will.
>
> Let us do our duty to these beautifully situated villages, perched on the slope of Mount Vitosha, and make them attractive gardens, with culture, and places of merriment and songs.

The people soon learned that the mayor when excited talked so rapidly that he failed to enunciate clearly, and they always enjoyed mimicking this mannerism. They did not particularly resent his management of their affairs, despite the fact that he had been sent by the central government which gave local communes no choice in

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the matter. The mayor was happily married to an attractive wife, who dressed *po modata* (in the latest fashion) and kept her children so neat and proper that they contrasted vividly with the peasant urchins who ran up and down the unpaved streets.

The mayor was charged with maintaining law and order with the help of the *strazhar* (police officer), the field policeman, and the forest policeman. The second wandered from field to field to see that cattle did not stray unattended onto strips where there were growing crops; the forest policeman prevented the purloining of wood from the forest lands used by Dragalevtsy people. The mayor also acted as local justice of the peace, and was ex officio member of the school board, health board, and any other village organization he considered worthy of serious attention.

But the mayor, although he enjoyed the spotlight, had to share it with the village priest. For five centuries, while the Bulgarians were subject to the Turks, the priest was often the only person in a village with any formal education. He not only interpreted the laws of God, but the laws of man as well. The Bulgarian monks and priests helped keep the feeling of Bulgarian nationality alive during those dark days, and thereby eventually aided in the achievement of national independence in 1878 at the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War. Since traditions die slowly in a Bulgarian village, the position of the priest is still very high, although few people attend religious services and fewer people observe the rather rigid fasts of the Eastern Orthodox Church. However, the priest is an essential officiant at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Without him the peasants have no way of meeting life's major crises.

Father Sava was the *sveshtennik* or priest in Dragalevtsy. He wore with dignity his long black gown and high brimless hat, his uncut red hair in a knot at the back of his head, and a long auburn beard. I never failed to marvel at his wide range of interests. One day we would poke around his beehives; the next day he would show me his favorite photographs and competently discuss the relative merits of American and German cameras. But it was after I learned of the man's romance that I began to see him in a clearer light. The young lady whom he wanted to marry was the daughter of a priest

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who flatly decreed that his daughter could marry no one but a priest. (Not only are priests well provided for financially, but they can marry only once. This means that they supposedly take exceptionally good care of their mates.) Sava had already completed the commercial gymnasium, had studied for two years in a school for leaders of co-operatives, and planned to attend the university. In order to comply with the demands of his sweetheart's father, however, he interrupted his educational plans long enough to prepare himself for the ecclesiastical examinations, which he passed with credit. He was then assigned to the Dragalevtsy parish. Meanwhile he had married the young lady of his choice. Soon thereafter he obtained leave of absence from his church responsibility in order to complete his work in Finance at the Svoboden (Private) University in Sofia. He was highly respected by the people whom he shepherded and was vitally interested in their welfare.

There were often two or three kibitzers while the intelligentsia played cards. These were lesser officials interested in advancement, or well-to-do peasants who wanted to hobnob with the controlling group. None of these hangers-on had been westernized to the point of wearing a tie, and some of them still wore the heelless, pointed pigskin sandals.

Oddly enough for a Bulgarian village, the veterinarian and physician were both women, who constantly found the patriarchal traditions stumbling blocks to the winning of village support. The medical doctor was a Russian who had spent part of her childhood in San Francisco, but returned to the University of Petrograd for her medical training. After the Revolution she left Russia with her family.

The only other "educated" people in the village were the teachers, eight in number, selected for their posts by outside school authorities rather than by the villagers themselves. Four of the eight had been born outside the pre-Hitler boundaries of Bulgaria, in territories which irredentist Bulgarians sought to recover permanently. Maria, for example, was from Dobruja, which was then a part of Rumania; Anna and Georgi were born in parts of Macedonia which

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The artisans, though few in number, comprised a third occupational group. Just because their knowledge and special skill raised them above the ordinary peasant, these artisans in no sense of the word walked in the rarified atmosphere of the intelligentsia. In 1937 the people of Dragalevtsy supported one blacksmith, one full-time and two part-time tailors, a cobbler, and a barber. Of course, the six or seven Dragalevtsy men who went to Sofia every day to ply a skilled trade were enumerated in the census but had little connection with the economy of the village. The few tradesmen were identified more with the agricultural group than with the artisans.

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One of the most picturesque characters in the village was Iliya, the smith. Dark-complexioned, sturdy of frame, with his stolid face weighed down by enormous mustaches, he was far too forbidding in countenance to attract the village children to his small establishment behind Bai Penko's tavern. In fact, customers often had to look for him in the tavern, where he consumed record-breaking quantities of liquor. In his sober moods he and his two apprentices occasionally worked fourteen hours at a stretch to finish up some much-needed job. The three of them combined wagon-repairing with blacksmithing, working at the lathe almost as frequently as at the anvil. However, frequent preoccupation with hinges, wagon bolts, horseshoes, plowshares, and wheel rims gave Iliya a fair claim to being a *kovach,* or smith. So did his master smith's certificate hanging on the wall.

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Yurdan, the leading tailor, was another artisan. He and his wife Zdravka were a unique couple in that they were the only Dragalevtsy people to become involved in divorce proceedings within recent years. To be sure, Zdravka withdrew her petition for divorce soon after it reached the high church court, which, rather than civil bodies, then decided upon all matters pertaining to marriage. Yurdan had a small but well equipped workroom attached to his trim little house. Although Dragalevtsy-born, he worked for twelve years in Sofia as an apprentice and *maistor,* later becoming the first tailor to set up business in Dragalevtsy.

I often went to converse with Yurdan and Zdravka, for I found them both loquacious and inclined to be objective in their views of village life. I questioned them in particular about the peasant costumes, which always seemed picturesque to me a foreigner. It was Zdravka who told me how the women made their garments.

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[651] 178 369 people living in the district, been a part of the village Obshtina. This area had always been referred to by the villagers as the Mahala, or Quarter.

4. Repairs in the village, such as putting a wooden bridge back into commission after a heavy storm, could be made only after the Sofia authorities gave their approval. Thus, maintenance of roads and other services in the village were said to suffer.

[759] 5. No longer did the village have its own doctor, and it had even lost, so the villagers said, all the medical equipment including microscopes and blood-testing units which the village Obshtina had once owned. Instead, a doctor came at irregular intervals to render whatever medical services were required. This loss of medical equipment, even more than the loss of the physician's services, was a hard pill for some of the more active village leaders to swallow.

6. In place of the veterinarian, who formerly lived in the village, one came twice a week to examine animals and to see that the various veterinary regulations were observed.

But whether they liked it or not, the Dragalevtsy people were a part of Sofia, even to the extent of being included in the city's wartime rationing system. The old rural-urban differences persisted, reminding Americans of similar situations in the United States where the businessman's daylight saving time was anathema to the farmer.

• 159 565 As I tried to reconstruct the chief occurrences of the years intervening between my departure in 1937 and the end of the war, I inquired often as to the whereabouts of some members of the intelligentsia whom I had known well. I learned that the mayor, who had been so helpful during my earlier visit, had given up his post during the days of German collaboration. Apparently he had disagreed with the local committee as to procedures and amounts of grain to be requisitioned from the peasants. He had already been suffering from ill health and could no longer stand the pressure of troubles, arguments, and dissatisfactions which each day brought to his office. From Dragalevtsy my mayor friend had been transferred to the picturesque village of Panchevo, which I shall long remember because of the lunch I had there one summer's day many years ago.

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A friend and I had been cycling on the road which followed the Iskar River and stopped at a Panchevo inn. The waiter brought us white peasant cheese, wrinkled brined olives, and freshly made bread to which warm ashes clung. Cold beer made a perfect drink.

The village priest, who had become such an integral part of village life and managed to keep harmonious relationships between the church and the state functionaries, was no longer in Dragalevtsy. Three years ago he had become involved in an administrative argument with his superior and was told to transfer to a much less desirable parish. Rather than make this shift he went to live in Sofia where, true to his training in finance and commerce, he had a share in a small business enterprise. He still wore his priestly garb, occasionally officiating in a Sofia church. Someone described him as "a minister without portfolio."

The directress of the school was the only member of the intelligentsia who had stuck to her post through thick and thin. She still took the same interest in the all-around development of the children, emphasizing in particular their hygienic training and their religious tuition. There had been considerable shifting in the membership of her teaching staff, but she still had five teachers who, like their predecessors, were more interested in Sofia week ends than village welfare.

The Sekretar Birnik, who had much to do with the collection of taxes and thus enjoyed a social standing out of line with his educational preparation, had also left Dragalevtsy and had been replaced by a local person.

It seemed strange to visit the now completed municipal building and to find the woman doctor no longer there and to notice the absence of her husband from the taverns where he had enjoyed playing cards. Since both were White Russians they knew that their lot under the Communists would be full of uncertainty. No one seemed to know just where they had gone.

Much had been happening to the village organizations as the intelligentsia faded from the scene or were replaced by others with different points of view. The Red Cross, in which the mayor had